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Over Mohawk Trail



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OVER
MOHAWK TRAIL

PRICE, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

PUBLISHED BY
MRS. F. B. CALDWELL
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.



“WITH SUNSHINE AND SHADOW, GLORY AND GLOOM”

“Over Mohawk Trail”

Brings to one a thrill of delightful anticipation. A picture comes to us of the red man noiselessly passing through the beauties of secluded nature.

The early history of Northfield abounds with stories, traditional and authentic, of the Indians who dwelt in several bands in this part of the valley of the Connecticut. Lying along this fertile valley, protected east and west by the Franklin Hills, the Indians found all things necessary for their primitive life. These same hills later became their watch-towers where they observed the movements of the settlers and planned their disastrous attacks.

Northfield owes a large part of its prosperity to the fact that it is the birthplace of and the home of Dwight L. Moody, the world-famous evangelist. Here he built up Northfield Seminary for girls, a preparatory school of high rank. Much of East Northfield is a memorial to his life and work. He established the Northfield Summer Conferences, which are attended by thousands of people each year from all parts of the world, who seek here religious instruction and inspiration.

We start our trip at

EAST NORTHFIELD

44 Miles from the Trail Summit

Northfield was called Squakheag by the Indians, as this was the name of the tribe which lived in this region. They were a branch of the Pacomptock Indians of the Deerfield Valley and warred with the Mohawks beyond the Hoosac Mountains.

The first settlers came here in 1671 from Northampton, and bought land of six chiefs living in this vicinity. In four years the settlers were assaulted by the Indians, some were killed and their homes destroyed, while the remnant escaped to Hadley and Northampton. A second settlement was made in 1685 but was abandoned after five years, on account of the enmity of the Squakheags. The permanent settlement was made in 1714, the land being bought of the Squakheags, who were given deeds. Descendants of these settlers still live in Northfield: Wrights, Fields, Janes, Alexanders, Merrimans, Holtons and Doolittles.

Leaving East Northfield, notice a tablet on the ledge in front of the Congregational Church which marks the place where one settler was killed by Indians.

Cross Mill Brook, on the crest of the hill at the right is a boulder marking the site of a fort built by the settlers in 1686 and rebuilt in 1722.

Look far down the vista of street overhung by elms, which add so essentially to the comfort and beauty of the town. This street is said to rival any in the state for natural beauty. These trees were planted in 1813 to 1815 by Thomas Powers, Esq., a resident.

Dickinson Memorial Library on the left was the gift of Elijah M. Dickinson of Fitchburg, in memory of his ancestors. On this site Nathaniel Dickinson, one of the first settlers, built a house in 1728, which was soon made into a fort. He was killed and scalped by the Indians. The donor of the library was his great-grandson. There are interesting collections on the second floor.

The large three-story building on the left was formerly Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge, opened in 1829, which took high rank as a classical institution for many years. Previous to that date it was Hunt's Hotel.

The first house on the right beyond the Unitarian Church was the home for several years of Ira D. Sankey, "the sweet gospel singer," who was associated with D. L. Moody.

Farther south on the right is another boulder marking the site of another fort, located on the lot of Stephen Belding. Here enclosed by a stockade the first settlement of the town was made in 1673. Nine rods west a fort was built in 1685, and rebuilt in 1722. Eight rods southeast stood Council Rock. These forts guarded the town north and south from sudden attacks from the Indians.

The boulder at the extreme end of the street on the left marks the place where, until 1869, stood a clump of oaks. Under these trees, in 1673, the first religious service was held, conducted by Elder Jones.

We cross Bennett's Meadow bridge, built in 1901. Previous to that date the river was crossed by a ferry just a few feet south of the present bridge.

King Philip's Hill is just across the bridge on the right. A lane leads to the crest of the hill where is the stump of King Philip's Tree. In 1675 King Philip and his warriors spent several months here on their way to encounter the Mohawks.

The inhabitants of the Connecticut Valley were, for 124 years, exposed to dangers, fears, toils and trials of Indian wars and border deportations. Children were born, grew to manhood, descended to old age, knowing nothing of peace. Hundreds were killed and large numbers carried into captivity.

Just beyond the crest of the next hill we pass the gateway of Mount Hermon School. The driveway through the pines opens on an extensive campus on high, sloping ground, commanding a broad view of river, valley and mountains. The school was established by Dwight L. Moody in 1881. The first contributions for the school were from his friends in England and America. The school is for young men of sound bodies, good minds and high aims. It is



MAIN STREET, NORTHFIELD

designed for those who are in earnest to secure a good education and who desire to know more of the Bible.

The equipment of the school for its work is of the best. Its many large, beautiful and well-kept buildings testify to its high reputation as a preparatory school.

We cross the little Fall River into

BERNARDSTON

37 Miles from the Trail Summit

This quiet town is situated between Fall River and the Connecticut River. It is primarily an agricultural town.

The territory was first granted to heirs of some of the men engaged in the Falls Fight, which took place at Turners Falls in 1676, and for many years it was called Fall Town. It was incorporated as a town in 1766 and renamed Bernardston in honor of Governor Bernard. The first four houses were built of hewn logs with portholes in the walls as a safeguard against Indian attacks. This settlement, though in constant fear of the Indians, suffered little.

Powers Institute in the center of the village was founded in 1857 by Edward Epps Powers, a former resident of the town.

One of the foremost men of Bernardston was Henry W. Cushman, who served in offices in state, county and town. Cushman Library on the right on Main Street was founded by him in 1862.

As we draw near Greenfield, on the left is a long rocky ridge, 927 feet in height. A stone observatory is here, called Poet's Seat, named in honor of Fredrick Tuckerman, a local bard, who frequently sought the quiet and grandeur of the place. The southern end of this rocky cliff, tradition says, is the place where King Philip watched the movements of his enemies.

Along Federal Street we approach

GREENFIELD

30 Miles from the Trail Summit

At Greenfield, standing in the beautiful Deerfield Valley, at the crossroads of the main thoroughfares, leading north and south and east and west, we find the eastern terminus of the Mohawk Trail. It is an attractive town with quiet shaded streets, giving a touch of the New England of the past and yet responsive to the spirit of modern New England, as evidenced in its thriving industries and social activities. Near by is the mother town of Old Deerfield, the typical New England village, with its stirring history of brave pioneers and of Indian sack and pillage.

This enterprising village is the county seat of Franklin County and has a population of about 15,000. In the last fifteen years it has doubled its population. Greenfield is the home of the largest tap and die manufactory in the world. This corporation, and The Goodell-Pratt Company, are the leading toolmakers to-day. Cutlery and pocketbooks are other manufactures.

Greenfield trade dates from 1722, when the Locks and Canals Company started a landing place here, just above the mouth of the Deerfield River. The flat-bottom boats from Hartford were poled up, laden with East India goods to be exchanged for lumber and farm products, and so East met West in this settlement. The town thus became a commercial center, as it is to-day.

Leaving Federal Street, we turn left onto Main Street, facing the Common and the business section of Greenfield. The town has the usual complement of churches, schools, county buildings, a well-equipped hospital, two libraries, State Armory, golf club and public parks.

Nathaniel Brooks was the first settler here in 1686, when it was a part of Deerfield, and was called the Green River Settlement. It was incorporated as Greenfield in 1753. From its earliest days the town was in a territory that was harassed by the Indians. As it was near the junction of the Green, Deerfield and Connecticut Rivers, which abounded in shad and salmon, and as the meadows and hills abounded in game, this was the "Happy Hunting Ground" for the red man before his death came. In 1675 Captain William Turner, with 141 men, attacked and destroyed a settlement of several hundred Indians near the northeast corner of this town. A monument marks the spot.

This has been the home of several men of influence in state and national affairs: John A. Aiken, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, has a fine residence on Gun House Hill; General Devens of Civil War fame, after whom Camp Devens was named, spent his early manhood here; Admiral Clark of the battleship *Oregon* is a member of the Greenfield Club and spends much time here. Dana Malone served the state as attorney-general several years. The early settlers were Smeads, Grinnells, Hinsdales, Nashes, Aikens, and numerous descendants of them still live here.

Leaving the busy shaded street of Greenfield, we cross Green River and soon begin the ascent of Shelburne Mountain. Two highways open near the foot of the mountain, the road to the left following a brook, winding in and out up heavily wooded stretches, and then into the open, giving glimpses of the distant hills and valleys.

The road to the right, which is to be completed in September of this year (1920), is to be one of the best ever constructed in Massachusetts. It is of cement concrete and no grade is greater than six per cent, or one per cent less than the steepest grade on the Mohawk Trail. The road is five and one-eighth

miles long and three miles of this is of new construction. It begins on Shelburne Street and swings to the north, following an easy grade around Shelburne Mountain. The distance to Shelburne Falls is one and one-half miles longer, but the grade is so much easier and safer that it compensates. This road has many scenic beauties and links up well with the famous sightliness of the Mohawk Trail. The contract for the road was awarded by the State Highway Commission to Coleman Brothers of Boston, at a cost of \$253,808.15.

Before we reach Shelburne we notice on the left extensive farm buildings and across the road on the right, on the hillside, a large, attractive residence. This property is owned by James Bush, who lived for many years in South America, where he made a fortune.

We now come to the quiet hamlet of

SHELBURNE

25 Miles from the Trail Summit

Shelburne was formerly a part of Deerfield and called "Deerfield Pasture," and also "Deerfield Northwest." It was incorporated as a town in 1769 and named for the second Earl of Shelburne, who was at the head of the ministry in England at the time of the American Revolution.

A mile beyond the village we come to a cemetery where is buried Fidelia Fiske, a native of the town and for many years a missionary in Oroomiah, Persia.

A little farther on is the road that leads to Mount Massaemet, 1,690 feet in height. On its summit is a stone tower sixty-four feet high, which is a forestry observatory and fire lookout. From the summit one has a beautiful view of the surrounding country in five states.

We enter

SHELBURNE FALLS

21 Miles from the Trail Summit

Town of Tumbling Waters, as called by the Indians, was incorporated in 1768. It is situated on the Deerfield River and the three falls in Shelburne township aggregate 150 feet. They were first known as Salmon Falls from the quantities of salmon which collected in the spawning season in the pools below the falls. Here were the old fishing grounds of the Pacomptock Indians. On the spot where the red man stood to spear the leaping salmon, modern man has harnessed the rushing waters, and this is now the home of one of the greatest electrical developments in New England.

This town is the center of the hydro-electric plants of the New England Power Company. Their separate developments take the water from the Deerfield River at five levels from plants being situated in or near the town, with a total installed capacity of 40,000 kilowatts. Power from the stations operates trains through the Hoosac Tunnel and is carried over high tension transmission lines as far east as Fitchburg, Worcester and Providence, also west to Pittsfield and Bennington.

Cutlery, cotton and tools are made here. Yale locks were first made here by Linus Yale, the inventor, before the plant was moved to Stamford, Connecticut.

This was the former home of Henry Clay Payne, who was postmaster-general under Theodore Roosevelt. He lived in the long colonial house on the right in the center of the village, just beyond Pratt Library. He graduated in 1859 from Franklin Institute, which is the three-story brick building on the right on Main Street.



THE TRAIL OVER THE DEERFIELD

From Shelburne Falls the Trail follows the winding Deerfield River, now peaceful, now broken by rapids. One is reminded of Southey's "Cataract of Lodore":

"Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound."

Across the river lies Buckland, the native town of Mary Lyon, the founder of Hount Holyoke College.

The rock maple is noticeable for many miles along the road as we follow the river. We appreciate their shade and muse on the quantities of maple sugar they furnish each spring. We came to a long colonial house on the right, close to the road, and overrun with vines. This is Hall's Tavern in East Charlemont, for many years one of those hospitable inns where the stagecoaches made their daily or weekly stops on this thoroughfare from Boston. It is now a summer residence.

The valley widens and we enter

CHARLEMONT

13 Miles from the Trail Summit

This is a thrifty village of about 1,000 people. The first settlers were Scotch-Irish, coming from County Ormah in the north of Ireland, where Lord Charlemont was the great landowner, and distinguished in war and statesmanship. The town derives its name from the peerage of Charlemont.

The town was incorporated in 1765. The first settler was Moses Rice, who came here from Rut-

land, Massachusetts, in 1743, being the first white settler between Deerfield and the Hoosac Valley. We find it hard to realize, when we see the beauty and industry that characterizes Charlemont, that Captain Rice's home once stood on the extreme frontier of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

In the early days the settlers were in constant fear of the Indians and each house was fortified. One day when Captain Rice and several others went to the meadows, lying along the river, to hoe corn, a lurking band of five or six Indians, observing them from the hills above, crept cautiously down Rice's Brook, concealed by the bushes on the banks, and fired upon the unsuspecting toilers. Captain Rice was shot and scalped, another killed and two were captured and taken to Canada.

The town is built on a terrace north of the Deerfield River with Peak Mountain southwest and Bald Mountain northeast. In Colonial days it was a fortified town and five miles up Mill Brook, which here empties into the Deerfield River, is Fort Shirley, at Heath, one of a chain of forts guarding the Trail between the Connecticut River and the Hoosac Valley.

Charlemont was the former home of Kate Upson Clark, the writer of stories and contributor of articles to magazines and religious weeklies. She is the author of "Bringing Up Boys," "Art and Citizenship," and other books.

Here also Charles Dudley Warner spent his boyhood. The house where he was born is at the west end of the village on the right. At the driveway is an old buttonwood tree, and under this tree is where Captain Rice slept the first night. This is also the site of the first Rice homestead. In Warner's book, "Being a Boy," he brings in much of the local color of his home town.

At the rear of the Rice buildings is a monument marking the burial place of Captain Rice and his companions.

Charlemont Inn, near the center of the village, is very interesting. The office and parlors are the historical rooms of the town. Here we may see antique furniture, historical souvenirs, and on the walls hang pictures and documents relating to Lord Charlemont and the early history of the town.

Leaving Charlemont, the road crosses a solid, graceful bridge of three low spans and starts the very winding climb up the east slope of Florida Mountain, often known as Hoosac Mountain.

This is in the town of Florida and has a scattered population of 428 people. The preliminary work for the securing of a highway over Florida or Hoosac Mountain was authorized by the Legislature in 1911, when \$75,000 was made available for surveys. In 1912, the Commission reported that a better route had been discovered than over the old road. The route followed substantially the line of the old Mohawk Trail, crossing the Deerfield River at Cold River, thence following Cold River to Manning Brook, thence along Manning Brook to Drury Brook, and so along the crest of the mountain to the summit at Whitcomb Hill. The sum of \$75,000 more was made available in 1912, and the contract for the road over the east side begun. It was continued in 1913, and completed in 1914. At times there were 300 laborers upon the work. The first vehicles passed over the road the Saturday before Labor Day of 1914.

*The new road from Deerfield River to the North Adams line is about twelve miles in length and the cost of the roadway itself was \$230,000. It is constructed at a minimum width of twenty-two feet, and in many places is from thirty to forty feet. Many of the slopes are protected by crib work, there being 1,200 feet of such work to protect the road from land

* From the Reports of the Massachusetts Highway Commission.



“ALWAYS A BROAD SWEEP OF THE ROAD AHEAD”

slides. The earth excavated was hardpan or similar material, which was very difficult to handle and at one point there was a cut of twenty-seven feet in solid rock. It had to be all picked or blown out by dynamite. There are some 290 culverts and small bridges, about seven miles of guard rail, and besides, two concrete bridges, the bridge over the Deerfield River costing \$34,000 and the one over Cold River \$13,000. The total cost of the entire road from the Deerfield River bridge to the top of the mountain was \$275,000. In 1913 the building of the road from the top of the mountain to North Adams was begun and finished the same day as the road on the east side, the Saturday before Labor Day, 1914. This road is four miles in length and cost about \$70,000.

The old road had twenty per cent grades and was narrow and dangerous. The steepest grade on the Mohawk Trail is seven per cent. There is a difference in height of 1,600 feet between Deerfield River and Whitcomb's Summit, and 1,200 feet from the crest of the hill to North Adams.

This sixteen miles of Mohawk Trail is undoubtedly the most important piece of highway work which has been done in the New England States in many years. The work on the east side was in charge of Division Engineer H. D. Phillips, and that on the west side by Division Engineer C. H. Howes.

Repair work on the road is in progress all the time, being done by the State Highway Commission. In addition to the original cost of \$345,000 for this sixteen miles of Trail, much is spent each year to keep it in good condition.

Previous to the building of the new road about thirty vehicles a day passed over it, of which seven were automobiles. In 1915 there was an average of 287 vehicles a day, of which 266 were automobiles, the number being much greater on most days. On the Sunday before Labor Day of that year, 3,268

automobiles passed over the road. The number has increased each year.

On Memorial Day, 1920, over 400 automobiles an hour passed over the Trail.

The Trail follows the turbulent little Cold River until it meets the Deerfield. Soon the road runs into narrower confines and we find ourselves in a deep ravine with the sweep of the broad road ahead, the river at our feet and steep mountainsides on either side. Steadily mounting higher, in a generous curve, the road becomes a wide shelf, chiselled out of solid rock. The river drops far below. The mountain peaks tower above. We travel thus for miles, with a big, smooth road ahead through virgin forest.

Hawthorne, who was always delighted in drinking in the beauties of nature, thus describes his impressions of the natural beauties of this section which he visited in 1838. "Often it would seem a wonder how our road was to continue, the mountains rose so abruptly on either side, while looking behind it would be an equal mystery how we had gotten hither, through the huge base of the mountain, which seemed to have reared itself erect after our passage. Between the mountains were gorges that led the imagination away into new scenes of wildness. I have never driven through such romantic scenery, where there was such a variety of mountain shapes as this, and though it was a bright, sunny day, the mountain diversified the view with sunshine and shadow, and glory and gloom."

Hawthorne could have written no more vivid description of the scenic beauties of the Mohawk Trail had he but just driven over its magnificent roadbed in these days of the modern automobile.

Could we catch the pictures of all those who have traversed the Old Trail, what a panorama it would make: Indians on errands of peace or war from time immemorial; surveyors and land speculators with

covetous eyes in the rich Berkshire and Hoosac Valley river lands; committees of the General Court to lay out new townships; Dutchmen from Rensselaerwick to lay hold of forbidden territory; Lieutenant Catlin to build Fort Massachusetts, Sergeant John Hawks and Chaplain Norton to defend it; Captain Ephraim Williams to see that his men in the Fort were faithful to their trust and by such visits to be moved to become the founder of one of the noblest of our educational institutions, Williams College; settlers from eastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island seeking homes in the wilderness; Quakers from the east bringing their peculiar faith and practices with them and leaving a lasting imprint for good upon the section; Benedict Arnold, then the ideal American patriot, riding in hot haste to gather in men from Deerfield, Charlemont and Shelburne to strike a blow at Ticonderoga, at the very beginning of the Revolution; couriers from General Stark at Bennington telling that the Hessians were approaching; a wild torrent of Berkshire yeomanry passing over the trail to fight a historic battle in their shirt sleeves and charge intrenchments defended by cannon with only shotguns in their hands; a few days later a long line of dejected Red Coats guarded by these same farmers in shirt sleeves and on their way to captivity in eastern Massachusetts; then in more settled times, wagons laden with farm produce, and lime and iron ore and lumber and other crude products of the hills and valleys, and then later other wagons bringing in bales of cotton and fleeces of wool to be turned into cloth by the little mills on the swift flowing streams of the Trail; and still later the stagecoaches bringing students to the College, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the master of American romance, to dwell for a time among the hills and tell of beauties before unnoted; and then an army of miners with picks and shovels who pierced the mountain and made an iron trail under the hills over which



“CHISELLED OUT OF SOLID ROCK”

flows the commerce from states never dreamed of when Ephraim Williams first crossed the Hoosacs.

We emerge upon a broad plateau and here at the left rises the white spire of an old church, standing all alone on the mountain top, a relic of the past, but still the weekly meeting place of those who cling to the heights and work the farms in this elevated valley. This church was built in 1861. It is close communion Baptist in faith. The present pastor is Rev. Mr. Caldwell, who has been there six years and has had fifteen unite with the church.

We ride along the very edge of the mountain top. On the right is a wonderful prospect of range upon range until the vision is lost in the delicate mists of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. We pass over the Hoosac Tunnel, about 1,200 feet below, where electric trains are thundering through the earth. We soon come to Whitcomb's Summit, the highest point on the Trail, which is named for one of the first settlers of the town of Florida.

The view from the top of the mountain is extensive and magnificent, especially on a clear day. To the west, northwest and southwest one may see the entire expanse of the Berkshires with Mount Greylock always prominent in the foreground; the blue tops of the Catskills, 100 miles away, and the Green Mountains of Vermont across the open valley.

"We are on the very summit of Hoosac. Straight away the mountain drops before us. The checkered fields of fertile bottom land, intersected by little white ribbons of roads, with here and there a toy house and the glint of river and pond, stretch out to the north, south and west. In the very center of the picture nestles the city of North Adams, with its roofs and spires and tall chimneys reddening in the sun. In the background against a glorious sky, rise the mountains again, dominated by old Greylock, the highest peak in Massachusetts, 3,500 feet, and said

by geologists to be one of the oldest points of lands on the earth."

Mountain roads, that are kept in good condition, enable the sightseer to visit the top of this mountain, where on a clear day the eye may rove over portions of five states.

Hairpin Bend is considered one of the most interesting features of the marvelously constructed road. When ascending this grade at this sharp curve, tourists test the power of their automobiles, and many succeed in making it in high gear. We descend into

NORTH ADAMS

4 Miles from the Trail Summit

by three long inclines hewn out of the mountain side, with new vistas of beauty at each turn. This highway dropping as it does, down into the beautiful scenic city of North Adams, has been named the Mohawk Trail by the citizens of this industrial community, since the highway follows very nearly the trail that years ago was traversed by the Indians in passing from the eastern to the western sections of our country. The old trail really took its name from the strongest of the Five Nations of the Iroquois Federation, and became known back in our early history as the Mohawk Trail.

North Adams is situated at the head of the valley leading south through the Berkshire country and of another leading westward into New York. Thus it was a strategic point in the early days and the citizens of this city have as their motto, "We hold the Western Gateway."

Settlers began to arrive in East Hoosac, now Adams and North Adams, just before the Revolution. Most of these came from Connecticut and Rhode Island. They were of good stock, hardy and full of courage. A Quaker colony settled in Adams.

North Adams was the meeting point of the three nations which had the largest part in the colonization of America. Here the patient Dutch, the persistent English, and the fearless French vied for its possession.

North Adams is an industrial city of the modern type with a population exceeding 25,000. It has extensive manufactories of woollen, worsted and cotton goods, famous print works, shoe factories and machine shops. It has an excellent school system and on the left, before entering the main part of the city, is the State Normal School. We enter North Adams on Union Street, turn left on Eagle Street, then at red brick church turn right into Main Street and the business section of the city. City Hall is on the left. Follow the trolley to Williamstown. The city has historical rooms, open from two to five o'clock on Saturdays. Six miles south of North Adams at Adams was the home of Susan B. Anthony.

Following the Trail out of North Adams, we pass the site of Fort Massachusetts and remember that once this now peaceful meadow was the scene of fierce strife between the three nations. The story of this fort is one of the most important and romantic in the history made along the Trail in the eighteenth century. Fort Massachusetts was the westernmost of the chain of four forts for the defense of the frontiers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It was built for a threefold purpose, to defend the Colony from the French and Indians, to warn the Dutch of New York against encroachments on the frontier and to tell the people of the New Hampshire grants that they must keep within bounds. It was built in 1745. The next year the fort and garrison was attacked by French and Indian allies and burned, the soldiers being taken as prisoners to Canada. The site of the fort is one and one-half miles west of the city on the right, and marked by a graceful elm.



A GROUP OF BUILDINGS, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

(Grace Hall in the center)

Leaving North Adams, a short ride of five miles brings us to the celebrated town of

WILLIAMSTOWN

13 Miles from the Trail Summit

Williamstown is situated in a beautiful valley with the Hoosac Mountains on the east, the Greylock range on the south, the Taconics on the west, and the Green Mountains on the north.

Williamstown and Williams College both derive their names from Colonel Ephraim Williams, who was commander of Fort Massachusetts and the founder of Williams College. In his will he appropriated certain lands to be sold and the money used "towards the support and maintenance of a free school (in a township west of Fort Massachusetts commonly called the West Township) forever, provided the said township fall within the jurisdiction of the province of the Massachusetts Bay and provided also that the Governor and General Court give the said township the name of Williamstown."

The town was incorporated under this name in 1765. Previous to that time it had been known as West Hoosac.

The main street of the town is fifteen rods wide, adorned by beautiful lawns and shade trees. About the year 1874, Cyrus W. Field presented the town with the sum of \$5,000 to be used in grading and beautifying the streets.

The college comprises a large part of the village and is situated on either side of its Main Street. The value of the property, including its endowments, amounts to about \$3,000,000. The college is non-sectarian and has an enrollment at the present time of about 500 students.

One can profitably spend hours visiting these buildings, many of which are historical. Some of the



HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE

buildings of the college campus of special interest are: Thompson Memorial Chapel, of great architectural beauty; within this chapel are exquisite memorial windows, one to the memory of a former President of the United States, James A. Garfield; Hopkins Hall is the administration building and was erected in memory of a former president, Mark Hopkins; Grace Hall contains one of the finest organs in the country, and is where the commencement exercises are held. Just back of Grace Hall, in Mission Park, is Haystack Monument, which marks the birthplace of foreign missions. Here, in 1811, a few of the Williams College students gathered about a haystack and held a prayer meeting. Each agreed to give his life to preaching to the heathen. Out of this gathering developed the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

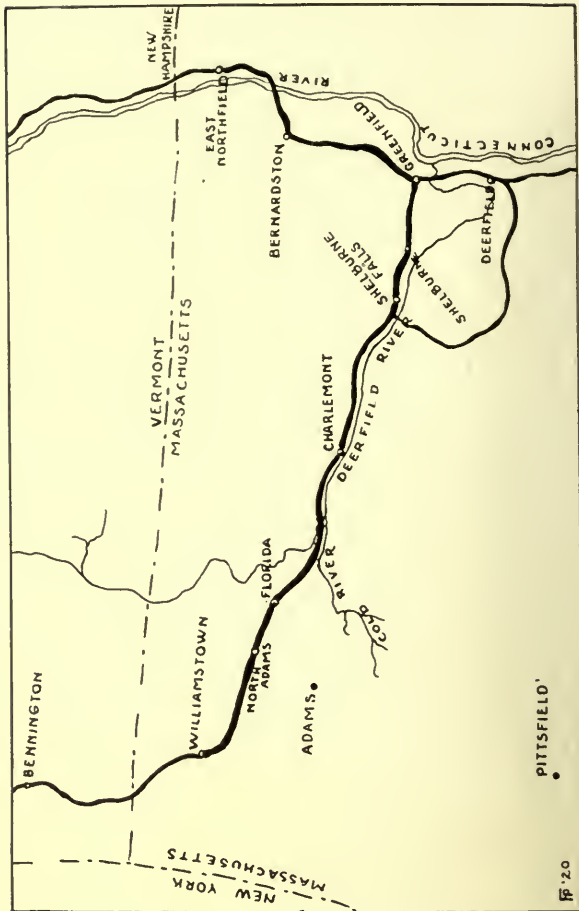
Many objects of interest may be seen at the College Library and at the Geological Museum. Sigma Phi fraternity house is built of the material from the former Van Rensselaer house of Albany. Greylock Hotel was built in 1870. This was the site of the first inn, built in 1780.

Harry A. Garfield, son of former President James A. Garfield, is now president of Williams College. His residence is on the north side of Main Street, beyond the church.

Williamstown lies in the northwest corner of Massachusetts. Bennington, Vermont, the scene of the early battles of the Revolution, is situated fourteen miles to the north.

Continuing westward from Williamstown we follow the old Mohawk Trail until from a high point we gain a glorious view of the Hudson, the home of the Mohawk tribe of Indians.

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